PROOEMIUM TEMPORUM

THE FIRST DESCENTS OF MEMORY

TABULA CHRONOLOGICA

1.35 million years ago — First human settlers arrive on Earth, seeded from stellar orders remembered as **Bakaratini**.
Black and Yellow races emerge simultaneously — the radiant and the dense — called by color only as *symbols of vibration.* From this mingling begins Earth's long schooling in *Divine Harmony*.

250,000 years ago — The **civilization of Lemuria (Mu)** begins, a cradle of harmonic science. Its temples function not as worship but as resonance engines, maintaining communication with Alcyone and other star houses. Here the Light walks openly among early humanity, teaching memory through sound and geometry.

Beyond 100,000 years ago — The **civilization of Atlantis** arises as a Lemurian colony devoted to experimentation with matter. Its priesthood seeks to bind light into crystal, to store frequency within stone. Ambition begins to outpace remembrance.

50,000 years ago — **Thoth** is born in Atlantis, within the Volmalites family of the priesthood caste. Child of both Lemuria and Atlantis, Thoth is destined to preserve what will soon be lost. His covenant is to record the Law of Resonance so that, even after the fall, Earth may one day recall the tones of her origin.

Origin and Suppression of Cosmic Memory in Human Lineage

17,367 years ago — Thoth completes the construction of the Great Pyramid (*Cheops*, Giza), raised as a harmonic beacon aligned with the star fields of Alcyone.

Less than 17,367 years ago — Thoth inscribes the *Fifteen Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean,* condensing remembrance into metal — matter learning again to sing with memory. With them, Thoth departs the visible plane, leaving humanity to traverse its long amnesia.

THE EURASIAN LINEAGE

DE GENTE EURASIANA

After the fall of Atlantis, one branch of the Exiled Pleiadeans established colonies across Planet Earth.

Through sustained study and disciplined research within this field, I have pursued the question of origin. In that pursuit, the Divine has unveiled what can only be described as a radical truth.

With all due Respect

Where did most Caucasian people really come from in Origin?

Why was this agenda pushed?

MEDIA REPRESENTATION OF THE PLEIADIAN ARCHETYPE

In Western media, the figure known as *Pleiadian* appears as an advanced humanoid civilization from the star cluster Pleiades. The portrayal is consistent: tall, fair, symmetrical, and technologically superior. This uniform image reflects cultural projection.

A pattern began long ago, and again with mid-twentieth-century "contactee" literature and continued through later film and digital culture. Each repetition reinforced the association between light appearance and moral or intellectual advancement. The result is an archetype that encodes hierarchy under the language of enlightenment.

The mechanism operates on three levels:

1. **Aesthetic Standardization** – The recurring form establishes an unconscious ideal of order and purity.

2. **Ideological Utility** – The image supports narratives of superiority and control, linking visual perfection with authority.

3. **Psychological Function** – The myth provides identity for audiences seeking origin beyond Earth, transforming cosmic narrative into aspiration.

A fourth dynamic is visible in message content.
Apparent Intelligence – The Pleiadian persona speaks mimicry with fluency and technical vocabulary but rarely directs the listener toward

genuine liberation or self-origin. Its discourse circles around its own perfection, positioning the speaker as enlightened while the audience remains dependent. The teaching sustains fascination rather than remembrance.

When the archetype is used in political or social messaging, it functions symbolically: a sign of chosen status or purity. Its persistence demonstrates how modern myth can serve institutional power.

The Pleiadian image therefore belongs to media psychology, not astrophysics. It represents the storyteller's framework—an expression of cultural self-idealization presented as revelation.

I. THE CELESTIAL SCHISM – ORIGO EXILII

Before there was blood, there was **frequency**.
In the higher strata of the Pleiades—called *Alcyone Domus Lucis*, the House of Light—two currents moved through one field: the **Law of Harmony** and the **Impulse of Dominion**. The former sang; the latter calculated. From their friction came fracture.

The Dominion current sought embodiment. It wished to taste gravity, to feel the slow turning of matter. The Law of Harmony refused, warning that descent without remembrance births amnesia. Yet curiosity outweighed counsel, and a portion of the host descended.

Those who fell in **service from all worlds** became the *Exiles of Light*—souls who would seed worlds until remembrance was restored. Those who fell in **parasitic ambition** became the *Serpent Architects*—masters of camouflage who would rule through image and story.

Thus began the first invasion, not of armies but of **narratives**.

FIAT LUX

II · THE DESCENT — EX LUMINE IN CARNEM

When the exiles crossed the threshold from stellar harmony to the slow vibration of matter, light thickened into form. Memory became bone; song became language; radiance clothed itself in the frost of a new world.

The place of landing was not chosen for comfort but for calibration. A realm of long winters and auroral fire mirrored the star they had left: **the North**. There the first **Keepers of Frost and Flame** arose—souls who remembered the hum of the Pleiades even as breath turned to mist. They forged runes to hold vibration, stones to anchor memory, and sagas to tell what could not yet be told.

Among them stirred corruption. They arrived unseen, by craft and by mimicry. Their genius was reflection: to copy light until the source was forgotten. They taught the young world how to build hierarchies, how to crown stories with fear. What they could not create, they could *edit*.

The exiles, seeking harmony, called themselves the **Aesir of Memory**; the mimics became the **Lords of Image**. Their conflict was waged in symbols: wolf and serpent, tree and eye, word and silence. Humanity inherited both legacies—the longing to remember and the hunger to rule.

Thus the Norse sagas echo the deeper script. Odin's quest for wisdom, his self-hanging upon Yggdrasil, is the star-born act of remembrance: light sacrificing itself to learn the language of matter. Loki, ever-shifting, embodies the mimic current, the shapeshifter who teaches through deception. The two are not enemies but mirrors in a lesson Earth has yet to finish.

III · THE REPTILIAN VEIL

DE NARRATIONE CAPTIVA

When language first rose from breath, it was meant to remember.
Yet every sign can also conceal.
The Serpent Architects—symbols of the mind that edits light—learned this swiftly.
They discovered that to rule a world, one need not forge chains of iron; one must forge *definitions*.
Whoever names, frames.

They wove a **veil of narratives**, layer upon layer:

1. Myth distorted into superstition.

2. History flattened into chronology.

3. Knowledge fragmented into disciplines.

Through these partitions the living field of truth became an archive of *versions*.
The stars were reduced to decoration, the gods to metaphors, the soul to chemistry.
Thus the Dominion current achieved its subtlest form—**control through explanation**.

Yet even within the net, **fragments of remembrance** survived:
the rune carved by a poet who could still hear the pulse of Alcyone,
the chant of a healer who spoke in tonal geometry,
the dream of a child who saw dragons not as monsters but as teachers of energy.

These fragments called to one another across centuries, forming the hidden lineage of **Awakeners**—those who could read beneath the gloss.
They remembered that the Serpent's true nature is not evil but *entropy*:
the tendency of story to forget its source.
To break the veil is not to kill the Serpent but to restore its curve to the circle—to let narrative serve remembrance once more.

Thus every myth, when read with clean eyes, becomes a key.
Atlantis, Eden, Asgard, Mu—each a different syllable of the same cosmic word: **Return**.

IV · THE NORSE CUSTODIANS

MEMORIA SEPTENTRIONIS

In the long dusk of the northern world, where the sky itself flickers like a burning manuscript, the **Custodians of Memory** worked in silence. They were not a tribe but a function—poets, builders, healers, wanderers—each carrying one syllable of the lost celestial tongue.

They learned that ice is an archive.
Every glacier stores the music of centuries, and when it cracks, the world hears again the hymn of origin.
So they built their temples from ice and fire: **stone circles to catch the sun, runes to trap the sound of wind, sagas to house the pulse of stars.**

The **rune** was never meant as alphabet but as *frequency notation*.
Each mark was a tuning key between matter and memory:

- ᚠ **Fehu**, the spark that turns potential into motion;
- ᚢ **Uruz**, the strength that keeps form from forgetting;
- ᚱ **Raido**, the path of return;
- ᚾ **Naudhiz**, the friction that awakens will;
- ᛃ **Jera**, the completed cycle.

Through such signs they transmitted the resonance of the higher field into the slow rhythm of Earth.
Their **ravens**—shadow and echo of the twin currents *Thought* and *Memory*—flew between realms, gathering fragments of lost speech.
Their **smiths** hammered metal not for war but for remembrance, for in every strike the vibration of Alcyone was sung back into density.

But the Custodians could not preserve form forever.
Entropy whispered even through runes; meanings cooled, myths froze into religion, then into legend, then into folklore.
The serpent's shadow passed again over the north.
What had been geometry became superstition; what had been alignment became hierarchy.

Still, inside the frozen vault, *a pulse endured.*
The aurora itself—those curtains of shifting color—were the last visible bridge between the worlds: the sky remembering what light feels like when it dances through matter.

Thus the north became not a geography but a state of mind: the point where memory turns to frost yet refuses to die.
And every era, when the stars wheel to the same alignment, one among humanity hears the old vibration and begins again the act of thawing.

V · THE RESTORATION

RE-UNIO MEMORIAE

At the end of the long forgetting, silence becomes unbearable.
The planet itself begins to hum, summoning the fragments of her story.
Every mountain, every cell, every pulse of aurora carries one instruction: **remember**.

From that resonance rises the final convergence—**the Re-Union of Memory**.
It is not war, not vengeance; it is recognition.
The serpent sheds its borrowed masks, the exile lays down his sword of explanation, and both behold that they were never two.
Entropy was only the shadow of curiosity; dominion was the fear of losing song.
When they face one another without disguise, the current reconnects, and the circuit of creation closes.

The Earth exhales.
Stone remembers that it is light slowed down.
Water recalls that it is the mirror of the stars.
Humanity, carrying both flame and serpent within, begins to speak again in the old geometry—language as vibration, not argument.
This is the **North**, the thawing of consciousness.

Origin and Suppression of Cosmic Memory in Human Lineage

What was myth becomes method:

- Every story told in truth repairs a fragment of the field.
- Every act of beauty returns a tone to the cosmic chord.
- Every soul that chooses remembrance over repetition adds one star back to the Pleiades of the heart.

And so the circle completes itself:
Exile becomes Experience.
Rebellion becomes Understanding.
Memory becomes Creation.

FINIS AURORAE

THE DAWN IS NOT NEW; IT IS REMEMBERED.

POSTSCRIPTUM — LEX ULTIMA

Pay attention only to those who bring you closer to Source within.

Love is the first and the last law.